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MEMOIR
OF
ATKINSON SMITH.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MINISTER IN EARNEST;

OR,

THE LIFE

OF

ATKINSON SMITH.

BY CHARLES KENDALL.

FIRST THOUSAND.

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PREFACE.

TO THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST SOCIETIES GENERALLY.

DEAR BRETHREN,

How mysterious, in its workings, is that Divine Providence which has lately removed from us so many of our able and faithful teachers. While we bow submissively, let us improve our fleeting privileges.

Had our ministers *laboured* less, they might have *lived* longer; still it is not right to reckon life by *days*, but by *deeds*, nor is life too great a sacrifice for truth and duty. It has often been hazarded and lost in the service of commerce and discovery, let us not regret it when lost for the honour of God. Remember for the good there is another life, a *better* life—a *longer* life; let us not sell the long life for the price of the pleasures of the short one. Let the *soul* live when the *body* is dead.

To our view Mr. Smith had long lived in a state of special preparation for the kingdom of heaven. As a believer he had walked with God. He had been tried by temptation, disciplined by bereavement, chastened by affliction, taught by the Bible, sanctified by the Spirit,

and, when the time had come when he must away to the skies, with untroubled tranquility he said to the disappearing world and a weeping family, "ADIEU." He did not, as many have desired,

"Cease at once to work and live;"

There was an interval which divided the labours of earth from the joys of heaven. He had long seen the goodly land far away. Dimly he had seen it, for clouds obscured it; not the clouds of heaven, but the clouds of earth. The celestial day did not burst upon him with its overwhelming brightness, but was ushered in by a gradual dawn, and gentle sunshine. He sleeps in Jesus, and he did not retire in the dark.

"These are sunny joys, too high
For gems or jewel mines to buy."

To Mr. Smith's old friends.—To you we speak of the past,—of the past life and past labours of a faithful minister. How often have our cheeks turned crimson as we have looked behind us, and thought of faithful sermons heard in vain. Conscience may approve of the present, and hope may smile on the future, while memory sighs over the past. Let us follow our beloved friend in the slighted path of simple, practical holiness. He told us of the privileges of our high calling; he pointed us unerringly to the road and the recompence; he sighed over our littleness, and said "GROW IN GRACE."

To many we fear he laboured in vain.—Should this memorial of his ministry be the means of reviving and deepening religious impressions, the principal end of its publication will be answered.

A word to the young.---As we imagine our little book will find its way into your hands,---perhaps, as a reward of merit in your Sunday-school. May it be the means of enlisting your earliest and best energies in the cause of Christ! Remember a *well*-formed character is better than a *re*formed one, and in the bosom of benevolence it demands a more joyous jubilee. Your immortal soul is the disputed prize in the field of conflict; we see the struggle between powerful religious checks and wildly wandering inclinations: we alternately hope and fear; suspense holds her breath in eager watchfulness; meanwhile, we rush forward and lay our little book in the right scale; it may be something in your decisions. Should it contribute, in any way, to establish your feet and quicken your pace in the way to heaven, the reader and the writer will rejoice together.

In preparing this work for the press we have been aided with valuable criticisms and suggestions from our friend and father in Christ, Wm. Sanderson, who is joint partner with myself in the publication of this volume.

We commend our unpretending little volume to the kind attention of all, and especially to the blessing of God.

C. KENDALL.

Ashby, near Brigg, January 2nd, 1854.

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CHAPTER I.

SCOTTERTHORPE. 1800—1830.

THE UTILITY OF BIOGRAPHY.—FEW MINISTERS LEAVE RECORDS OF THEIR LABOURS—MR. SMITH AN EXCEPTION.—HIS FORM A KIND OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—HIS PARENTAGE.—HIS CONVERSION AND SANCTIFICATION.—HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY.—FAILS IN HIS FIRST EFFORT.—SUCCEEDS IN HIS NEXT.—A GREAT REVIVAL IN SCOTTER CIRCUIT.—REFLECTIONS.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time;—
Footprints, which perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's stormy main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again."—LONGFELLOW.

BIOGRAPHY is at once the most important and instructing kind of history, admitting, as it does, all the painting and passion of romance, while it fixes our attention and excites our interest by the assurance that the description is strictly true. The

christian community at large owes a debt of gratitude to the recorded examples of its most pure and holy members. Few books are more suited to the young than such as contain well written memoirs of the good and the great, and especially so when the characters described have been deeply pious.

England owes more in the account of her real greatness to the biographies of J. Orton, Lady Huntington, W. Bramwell, and others of a kindred character, than she owes to all the biographical monuments of her warriors and politicians. "The memory of the just is blessed."

We have long regretted that many of our senior ministers, whose labours have been associated with some of the most stirring incidents in the history of the Connexion, should have left the world without having prepared some record of their labours. Perhaps modesty has suggested, "Your record is on high:" and so it is; but would it not have been interesting to all, and especially to the young, to have been told *how* the trees of the wild forest were felled, *how* the rubbish was removed, *how* the soil was broken up, and *how* the seed was sown that waves already in so blessed a harvest.

Mr. Smith has not withheld from us this gratification. He has left behind him, for the use of his biographer, considerable materials; especially relating to his early career; and in many instances they are so connected as to form a kind of auto-

biography. And as the history of a man written by himself is in many respects more interesting to us than one written by another, we will, therefore, allow Mr. Smith every opportunity of speaking for himself. He says—

"I was born on the 16th of October, 1800, at a hamlet called Scotterthorpe, near Scotter, in Lincolnshire. My parents were honest and industrious, but not pious in my earliest recollections. I remember my father went occasionally to the parish church, and read the bible on the Sabbath, and sometimes he required his children to read a chapter or two on the Sabbath evening. My mother was confined at home very much by the wants and cares of a large family; but in the year 1819 she became deeply concerned to be saved. She joined herself to the Wesleyan Methodist society, and remained in that society for ten years, after which she joined herself to the Primitive Methodist society, and continues with them to this day. I have often heard my father make unhappy remarks about dissenters; but in process of time his prejudices passed away, and for several years he was a seat-holder in the Wesleyan chapel; but I believe he never submitted to hear a sermon from a Primitive Methodist minister; and after several of his children had been converted to God through their instrumentality, he manifested great opposition to them. For a considerable time he

would not kneel with them at the family altar; but, thank God! he knelt at last, and I hope his end was peace."

Mr. Smith says, in reference to his own conversion:—"The Spirit strove powerfully with me when I was but a child: but I resisted it, and my awakenings ceased; but at the age of nineteen I was powerfully arrested, interested, and impressed under the ministry of the first Primitive Methodist preachers who came into Lincolnshire; and I shall praise God for ever that it was my happiness to hear them. I joined the society in 1821; and in 1829 the Almighty manifested himself to me in the power of his Spirit, and gave me a clear testimony of my acceptance with Him." From this account it will be seen that for seven or eight years Mr. Smith enjoyed but little, and did but little religiously. How necessary it is that class-leaders should urge on all, and especially on the young, the necessity of pressing at once into the liberty of the children of God, and not allow them to rest in the mere form and profession of religion. No sooner did Mr. Smith taste the sweets of pardoning mercy, than he panted for additional holiness and fuller joys. He pressed forward into the possession of entire sanctification. He says—

"A little after this I received the blessing of a clean heart. And O what joy I then felt! what love to God and man! what power in prayer!

what anxiety for Zion's welfare! It was in this baptism that I had my call to the ministry." This call was so loud and distinct that he says—"I disentangled myself at once from every thing that might hinder me in the undertaking; and from the exceeding great and solid weight of glory that rested upon me, I believed that God had accepted me.

"In the spring of 1830 my name was put upon the preachers' plan, in the list of exhorters; and at the following midsummer I was called upon by the church to labour as an itinerant preacher; so I never had the honour of being a local preacher."

There was nothing extraordinary in Mr. Smith's mental powers to induce the church to make so early an engagement with him. He was not an orator, a poet, or a philosopher; but he had become an earnest christian and a home missionary. He owed nothing to hereditary fame; nor did he ever acquire distinguished literary or mental stores. Christianity made him, and finished him. He studied, and hard, too; but not in classic halls, surrounded by the learned and the noble. His first college and his earliest *studio* were the stable and the field. He composed and recited amongst singing birds, bleating flocks, lowing herds, and rustling corn. In this way he prepared himself to address the rural populations of his own district.

In delivering his first pulpit address he was much embarrassed, and could say but little. This circumstance pained his mind, and partly shook his confidence in his call to the work. A failure in the first effort is not an uncommon occurrence. R. Hall, David Stoner, and John Smith—all mighty men, and many others, failed in their first attempt; and no wonder. The inexperience of the speaker; the imposing appearance, for the first time, of a listening crowd; the want of confidence in his ability to say what he knows; and, above all, violent Satanic opposition, may damage the first effort.

Mr. Smith looked forward to his next appointment with much anxiety. He pleaded specially and earnestly with God for help in this important duty. We have often heard him advert to this period as the turning point in his history,—that which gave a character to his ministerial career, and stamped it with potency. In his own quaint and forcible language he used to say—"I proposed to stipulate with the Almighty on this business. This was my proposal: that if he did not want me to preach, he was not to help me the next time I might try, nor bless the people; and I would regard it as conclusive evidence that I ought not to speak any more in that way; but on the other hand, if he wished me to preach he should assist me, and bless his people, and save sinners. This

second meeting was appointed to be held in the old school house at Ashby. The time came; the house was filled—Smith preached with freedom—his message was mighty—sinners wept and saints rejoiced. The address being ended, a prayer-meeting was called, and Smith assisted in drawing the net to land; several penitents were found, and taking one of them by the hand he led him into the centre of the house, saying—"Here is one, who makes two?" Fetching another in the same way he said, "Here are two; who makes three?" And having in this way gathered some ten or twelve persons into a circle, some pointed them to the slain Lamb, while others supplicated the throne of grace on their behalf. The success of this meeting settled him on the subject of preaching, and presented to the church the first fruits of that rich harvest which he lived to reap.

The spring of 1830 was a season of extraordinary religious excitement in the Scotter circuit. It is probable that the revival which then took place was one of the most powerful and extensive that was ever experienced in that part of the county of Lincoln. The country was baptized. Nearly every house was a house of prayer. It was truly interesting, as well as profitable, to take your stand in the streets of some of these villages at the time when the curtains of evening, like the

doors of a sanctuary, were shutting the people up with God. The voice of praise, sometimes from the family alone, at others from collected neighbours, could be distinctly heard ascending at the same moment from many a family hearth.

The reformatory power of religion was soon strikingly manifested. That which civil laws and magisterial authority had failed to effect, after many a trial, was accomplished by the religion of Christ. A great number of the pests and plagues of a large neighbourhood were converted to God; and several of them, to our own knowledge, after having lived for years as becometh the gospel of Christ, have been gathered to their rest in heaven, and many others continue in well doing to this day.

Mr. Smith was a prominent actor in this glorious work. He was foreman, at that time, on a farm belonging to a Wesleyan local preacher at Messingham. The master and servant were a happy pair: they had drunk equally deep at the same fountain; and the master was producing a similar influence in the Wesleyan society to that which Smith produced in ours. He had a large family and many servants. Smith and he conducted family worship, at least so far as the beginning and the ending were concerned; and at times that was all the control they could exercise over it, for all were affected even to tears and prayers. The large family kitchen was often "the house of God and the

gate of heaven." One morning, the sun was up and far advanced, broad day light had gladdened the earth; but that happy family, with closed shutters and burning candles, were still at prayer. It was nothing to them that the struggling angel said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh;" it might break, and dawn, and shine; they said, "We will not let thee go, unless thou bless us."

Smith and some of his compeers were one day in devout conversation on what had taken place, when he seemed all at once as though he heard the sound of distant rain, and exclaimed in confidence, "It is coming again!" And so it came to pass; for the windows of heaven were set more widely open, and the baptism of the Spirit became more general.

This was a genuine revival of religion. No splendid or expensive religious machinery was put into operation; no learned or shining ministerial talent employed. The labourers, whether ministers or people, were plain men, void of the nicities of criticism, or the attractions of literary polish, but they were under the mighty influence of divine truth; they declared to others with earnestness and power those truths which had effected their own salvation.

The ostensive cause of this work, as far as instrumentality was concerned, was a spirit of prayer which had fallen on the society. It came at first

like the gentle dew, refreshing and fertilizing the branches of the true vine; and as the blessing was improved, the visit increased, until it resembled a sweeping flood, bearing before it every obstructing barrier, and producing the most pleasing moral revolution.

In all this the village of Messingham appeared to be the most favoured spot. Hundreds of people journeyed thither to witness the strange things which had come to pass; and not unfrequently some returned home new creatures, making the roads and lanes vocal with the song of praise. All classes of society were excited. On the village-green, in casual intercourse, or among the busy scenes of the market, the usual topic of conversation was the great revival in Scotter circuit. Some of the doctors, and a few others, said they feared that such crowded and protracted meetings would generate the plague, or some pestilence; but nothing of the kind happened. God preserved His people and His cause from merited reproach. Moral evil was eradicated from the soul, and physical evil was averted from the body. Numbers of sinners fallen beyond the reach of ordinary, instrumentality, were recovered and uplifted,—freed from the dominion of sense and passion, and put under the easy yoke of King Jesus.

This revival, regarded in the light of a religious experiment, shows what may be done by united

and faithful prayer. The records of Primitive Methodism abound with such instances; and yet our societies are in imminent danger of relying too much on a visible and favourite instrumentality which shuts out Divine interposition, or admits Divine help only when it can reach us through our own chosen means.

CHAPTER II.

SCOTTER, 1830—1831.

REMARKS ON THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.—MR. SMITH'S COMMENCEMENT TO TRAVEL.—EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL.—HIS APPOINTMENT TO LEEDS.—HIS ANGUISH OF MIND AT THE INTELLIGENCE.—REFLECTIONS ON HIS FIRST YEAR IN THE MINISTRY.

"I am persuaded that I shall obtain the highest amount of present happiness, I shall do most for God's glory and the good of man, and I shall have the fullest reward in eternity, by maintaining a conscience washed in Christ's blood, by being filled with the Holy Spirit at all times, and by attaining the most entire likeness to Christ, in mind, will, and heart, that it is possible for a redeemed sinner to attain in this world."—REV. R. M. MC'CHEYNE.

THE gospel ministry is of Divine origin. The Redeemer called men from their secular employment, and usually such as were of little worldly repute, and committed to them the treasures of christian truth. Trades and earthly callings are not incompatible with the gospel ministry; they present nothing incongruous. Paul wrought with his own hands, not from obligation, but from expediency, that he might annihilate suspicion and prejudice, and give additional impetus to the

spread of the glorious and heaven-born truths committed to him. Though working and preaching are not at variance, yet in the present degenerate state of the world, and imperfect state of the church, it appears necessary for the interests of religion, that an order of men should be set apart as preachers of the gospel. The duties of their calling being not only essentially spiritual, but surprisingly multiform, and all but endlessly varied; so that no man performing these duties properly will find time or inclination for pursuits of a contrary character.

Nor does christianity prescribe the rule of ministerial qualification, or determine the amount of mental or literary preparation necessary. If the apostolic ministry is to serve as a model, then, a plain, unlettered one secures our approval. But the apostles were endued with miraculous powers, including the gift of tongues. This fact ought to lead us to treat learning in connexion with a Divinely appointed ministry with proper deference. Intellect, learning, knowledge, and eloquence, when sanctified by the spirit and example of Christ, are of signal service in the cause of religion. Men thus equipped, can refute error, answer impertinent and captious questions, dissipate prejudices, and conduct the timid questioning enquirer to "the Lamb of God."

Still, men of ordinary capabilities, unlearned

in letters, science, or elocution, but deeply imbued with the spirit of love and zeal, have been, and ever will be, extensively useful in the all-important work of saving souls. What does England not owe to such men? Indeed, the essentials in this work are good sense, christian experience, aptness to teach, and new testament piety. Learning and science are merely secondary in importance, and at most only accessary to the work to be achieved.

The Primitive Methodist ministry has been proverbial for its rusticity or unpolished character. This is true; especially when applied to the fathers of the Connexion. They knew very little of the intricacies of theological controversy, or philological polish; nor were they theorists on the gospel, or the result of its application. They had never studied in our spacious and world-famed colleges, where such lessons are taught; but they had been to the school of the Great Teacher; they had learned repentance and faith; indeed, they knew the way of life, and taught it with an energy unequalled in modern times.

Had their ministry been of a more refined or learned character,—had they differed much from the masses amongst whom they moved, in their modes of thought, or forms of expression, the wandering sheep would not have known the voice of his shepherd; unarrested in his path of ruin, he

would have hastened on to the depths of the wilderness. Husbandman-like, in more senses than one, they began operations on the sterile and comparatively unbroken soils of this island, overrun with the thorns and briars of obstinate and dangerous errors. On such wastes the ploughshare and the drag were chiefly required, and they are still necessary to meet the condition of the millions. Let us not be in too great haste to obtain smoother and finer instruments of moral culture.

We enter into the labours of our fathers. But is it enough that we reap the harvest they have sown? Must not the same spirit of self-sacrifice and consecration animate us? They did wonders in their time; still the wilderness has grown into vastness; it stretches frightfully beyond all the lovely enclosures of the church. There are more unsaved people in England now than there were when the Connexion began its movements. Can we do better than repeat our well-tried plans? Let us ask for the good old way, that has answered so well. Does not England still thirst for excitement? And is not the church obligated and able to furnish it? Would not a man, standing on a chair, on a village-green, with a bible in his hand, plainly dressed and plainly spoken, be as great a blessing to England as ever?

On the 25th of June, 1830, Mr. Smith entered

upon the duties of the itinerancy, with much fear and trembling, but in the spirit of intense and ceaseless prayer. He found some difficulties in the work,—fears and fightings marked his way; but in every emergency he sought aid at the throne of grace. He says—

"November 3rd.—Spoke at East Ferry. This has been a day of much prayer and little comfort. Lord, revive thy work! Preaching is hard work without Thy Spirit.

"On Sunday, the 28th, I spoke at Kirton, from —'Enter ye in at the strait gate.' The people wept much; and one woman professed to enter in.

"April 3rd.—I held a lovefeast at Blyton; a crowded chapel; the people spoke freely; 65 spoke within two hours; three penitents sought the Lord."

"Wednesday, 13th.—The Spirit of the Lord was upon me more powerfully than what I had previously experienced, while I spoke from wrestling Jacob."

The year following he was appointed for Leeds. This brought him into severe mental conflict. He says—"When I heard of this appointment I fell into grievous temptation. It seemed as though earth and hell conjoined to slay me. I thought I should fall from my steadfastness. I fear I did grieve God. I was tempted to give up preaching, and not go to Leeds; and, at times, I yielded so

far that I wanted to give up, but I durst not. I sometimes laid me down on the ground, and groaned in the anguish of my spirit. I became ill, and hoped that I should go into a consumption, and so have done with the obligation to preach. I could have died gladly, but death would not come."

He entered on this station praying, "Fill me! fill me! Lord, fill me with that love that casts out fear." As the year closed, he has the following entry in his journal: "My conflicts and trials were often intense during a great part of the year. This state of mind arose partly from inexperience in preaching, and partly from temptation to give up. Notwithstanding, I had many refreshing seasons, and I saw many converted to God."

CHAPTER III.

LEEDS. 1831—1833.

HIS ARRIVAL IN LEEDS.—HIS INDISPOSITION.—MESSRS. REYNARD'S AND BATTY'S TESTIMONIES TO HIS USEFULNESS.—EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL.—HE VISITS HIS FRIENDS IN LINCOLNSHIRE, CALLING AT SWINEFLEET. ENTRANCE ON HIS SECOND YEAR.—REMARKS ON THE CHOLERA.—EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL.—REFLECTIONS.

"The pulpit, (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause."—COWPER.

WHEN the time came for Mr. Smith to go to Leeds, he had regained much of his usual cheerfulness. He was still, however, the subject of considerable bodily indisposition. Mr. John Reynard says—"When Mr. A. Smith came to this circuit, it appeared doubtful whether he would live long to bless the church; for he came to tell us that he was dying, and could not stay to labour with us.

My brother, who was a medical man, took him under his care; and, through the blessing of God, he restored him to health. Mr. T. Batty was at that time our superintendent; and he and Mr. Smith laboured well together. The Lord was with them, a mighty influence attending their labours; some of the waste places of our Zion were made glad; nearly every part of the circuit improved. Mr. Smith laboured with us two years with great acceptance and success; and his name is dear to many. Sometime after he came to Leeds, the circuit committee found it difficult to obtain a suitable home for our young ministers. Mrs. Reynard and I consented to take them until the committee could make other provision for them; but this was not done of twelve years; so that, having Mr. Smith to live with us, we had an opportunity of witnessing his conduct. It was good—uniformly good; but it was especially his fervour at the throne of grace that endeared him to my family, and his name is yet as ointment poured out."

Mr. Batty says, "Mr. A. Smith joined me in Leeds circuit, fearful of himself, but zealous and lively in his labours. The people received him gladly, and he laboured with me hand to hand, and during the two years more than two hundred souls were added to our Zion."

At the September quarterly meeting the circuit was reported as containing only 588 members,

and as being £20 deficient in paying its preachers their very small salaries. Its aspect was gloomy, and fitted to test the character of the labourers."

Mr. Smith says, "I felt sorry to see the circuit so low, and I thought, 'Well, I have about £40. I will stay and preach while it lasts, and if there be no improvement I can but retire then.'" But he sought improvement, as his next entry testifies.

"Sept. 13th.—I went to Bramley, a place containing five or six thousand inhabitants. We have only ten members, and seldom more than twenty hearers. I resolved to re-mission the place; Wm. Pickard joined me; we took a lantern, went to the bottom of the village, and began to sing, 'We are bound for the kingdom,' &c. Three hundred people accompanied us to the chapel. I preached to them, but not with my usual liberty, yet the revival began that night, and in a short time forty or fifty persons found the Lord." To this day the people of Bramley speak of Smith seeking a revival with a lantern and candle.

"Oct. 4th.—We sang through Silver-Royd-Hill. The people rushed to the house until they more than filled it. The word was with power, and one of the most wicked men in the place was converted.

"Sunday, 16th.—Heard Mr. Clowes, in Quarry *Hill chapel*. Two souls were converted.

"Dec. 12 was our quarterly meeting. The Lord was with us; our quarter's increase was 66. Lord, give us a hundred next quarter!

"18th.—I attended a lovefeast at Silver-Royd-Hill. Many could not gain admittance; so Mr. Reynard led another lovefeast in a dwelling-house. I preached at night; four were saved, and one sanctified.

"January 11th.—Spoke at Askwith. The power of the Lord fell upon us; many were in distress, and one found liberty.

"22nd.—Spoke in York-street chapel in the morning; and my brother Edward, who has just returned from America, spoke at night. We had a good attendance, and a happy day.

"February 14th.—I spoke at Farnley. There is here a great work among the children. Next morning, we held a meeting, at six o'clock, and another at twelve. Two females, belonging to other churches, were sanctified. I could scarcely preach at night, through excessive labour during the day. Lord, cleanse me; prosper Zion; and save souls!

"May 7th.—Spoke at Hunslet. A mob of six or seven men came in amongst us, and swore in the most dreadful manner; but we suffered no harm.

"25th.—At Barwick. Here we are doing well; our society is doubled.

"Spoke at nine o'clock on the new line of rail-

road. One man awakened.

"June 5th.—At Dawgreen. The passing of the Reform Bill has filled the town with excitement. O for a reform in the heart and life of each person of Adam's family!

"11th.—This is our quarterly meeting. Our increase this quarter is 105. Praise the Lord!"

On the 30th of this month, Mr. Smith started on a journey to see his friends in Lincolnshire; but, calling at Swinefleet, our good friend Mr. Little induced him to stay a few days, and speak to the people. He appeared like a man set on fire; in the pulpit and at the family altar he flamed. His message to all was, "Be ye holy." His word was with power. Several professed to obtain sanctification: and many others were awakened to see that this was the will of God concerning them. The savour of this visit still remains.

Well, the year has gone,—Mr. Smith's first year in Leeds. He was feeble and fearful in the beginning; but He that knoweth us, because He searcheth the heart, saw in him a fixedness of purpose to do good; and graciously sustained him in the trying day.

He entered upon his second year like a strong man preparing to run a race. His former wishes and desires were now turned into resolves and vows. He gave himself afresh to God and the work of the ministry.

This was the summer when the cholera, that champion king of modern diseases, made his first visit to our island. His deeds were death; but not of common kind. His name is still legible in the care-wrinkled brow of the mother and the widow; and his memory is perpetuated by the monumental hillocks of many a grave, deep and full.

"Swiftly flew the poisonous blight,
Scattering death and wild dismay."

During this appalling visitation, our people in Leeds, as in many other large places, paid special attention to open-air services. The preachers were set at liberty from their work-night appointments, that they might concentrate their efforts on the living masses of the town. They diligently did their part towards filling the town with religious awakenings; and they had the satisfaction to know that their combined and protracted attack on the enemy's stronghold was not in vain; the alien was reconciled, and the imperiled wanderer restored.

Mr. Smith says—"To-day I visited the cholera hospital. What an abode of wretchedness! To a woman close by, and evidently on the point of death, I said, 'Are you happy?' She said, 'No.' 'Do you pray?' 'No.' At this, her daughter, who was standing by, burst into tears, and said, 'My mother was a professor of religion thirty

years, but during the last two or three years she has turned again to folly, and now this is her state.' 'Lord, save, or we perish.'

On the 21st of October, Mr. Smith says—"I held a lovefeast at Otley, and preached at night. There was a shaking among the dry bones; five were penitent enquirers, and some were sanctified.

"Friday—Spoke at Silver-Royd-Hill. One in distress, and one sanctified.

"25th.—Spoke at Bramley, to a crowded congregation. I had not much liberty; but one was saved, and one sanctified. A lady who was in the congregation sent me a bottle of wine. On the following Tuesday, she came again, and brought her husband with her. On the morning following, I went to see them; I prayed with them; they promised to give £5 towards the erection of a new chapel.

"January 2nd, 1833.—I spoke in Leeds chapel, morning and evening. Had good liberty; two backsliders were restored.

March 10th.—Spoke twice at Holbeck. Three sinners were saved.

April 21st.—We had a mighty day at Armley. I led two classes, held two open-air services, preached twice in the chapel, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Many were happy in divine love. One female (Mrs. F.) said she would freely give the best gown in her

wardrobe for another such a day."

"A few days after, two persons, who had heard me preach on sanctification, met me, to enquire something more about the blessing. I spoke to them on its nature and necessity; and explained to them more perfectly the way of faith. We then waited on God; and one of them received the blessing, and immediately made a record of the date of its reception. After a little more explanation, we prayed again; and the other received it.

"June 9th was our annual camp meeting, on Holbeck Moor. The congregation was large; the preachers had freedom of speech. In the evening, we held three lovefeasts. My appointment was at Holbeck. Nine persons professed to obtain pardon.

"16th.—I delivered my parting address to my friends at Armley. The place was crowded; many wept. I feel it is hard to part with my friends; but I hope to meet them in heaven, where we shall never part again."

Mr. Smith was a working-man, as these pages plainly show. It is said, "labour is success;" and he was "in labours more abundant."

"He scorned his feeble flesh to spare,
Regardless of its swift decline;
His single aim, his ceaseless prayer,
To spread the righteousness divine."

His religion knew nothing of the melancholy,

and little of ceremony; it was a religion of happy life—a religion of festivities and high days. Once, when under the strong excitement of much happy feeling, he said, "Bless God! I am happy; I am happy all over me: my legs are happy!" And this saying, with some, gained for him the distinction of "Happy legs."

He was a praying man. He wrestled in prayer. One of the class-leaders in that circuit said to me, one day—"Leeds circuit owes its rise, in a great measure, to the prayers of Atkinson Smith;" and then pointing to his chamber floor, he observed—"I have known him be on these boards for four hours together, agonizing in prayer." I found many who owned him as their father in Christ. Some are already in heaven, and others are in pursuit,

"Hard toiling to make the blest shore."

Among many others, these labours were made a blessing to Mr. T. Ratcliffe, who has now been in our ministry nineteen years.

CHAPTER IV.

HULL; DRIFFIELD. 1833—1836.

HIS APPOINTMENT TO HULL.—REFLECTIONS ON THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.—EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL.—HIS APPOINTMENT TO DRIFFIELD.—AN AGREEMENT IN PRAYER.—EXTRACTS.—HIS FAITH, AND REMARKS THEREON.—REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.—EXTRACTS.—LETTER TO BROTHER TOMMY.—EXTRACTS.

"The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the earth;
Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the canopy of nature.
Verily, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial mind,
Were a curse in the calender of time,—a spot of the blackness of darkness."—F. R. TUPPER.

AT the conference of 1833, Mr. Smith was appointed to the Home Branch of the Hull Circuit. This was an important station; but he had become popular by his ministerial success.

All who have any regard for the gospel at all, prefer hearing a successful minister. They know that the gospel is *power*, as well as word; con-

taining something to be felt, as well as something to be heard and learned. Hence, a plain, faithful, zealous ministry is more popular than a dull, prosy, ineffective one. Ministers opposed to revivals are generally at considerable discount; and justly so: for, if their business is not to save souls, what is it? Christianity is a religion of zeal, self-denial, and intense anxiety for the honour of God, and the salvation of men. Then,

> "Let the priests themselves believe,
> And put salvation on."

No man can be a christian without prayer, and no minister can be successful in his proper work without much prayer. It is not difficult to guess what would be the character and what the effect of a sermon composed and delivered without prayer. The brass might sound, the cymbals tinkle; but there would be no unction, no heavenly power; humanly speaking, under such circumstances there could be no revival of religion. A man must be revived himself before he can revive others; when his own heart is full of Christ, and his own eye is full of heaven, he will shift this world, he will make it stand back till it occupies only a dim point in the distance; he will surround his hearers with eternal realities, and quicken them in the spiritual pilgrimage by a realizing sense of heavenly things; he will prompt them to fresh

flights of faith and love, and this life will be regarded only as a preparation for a better.

Mr. Smith says—

"Sunday, August 5th.—I attended a camp meeting at Newbald; it was a great day; one soul was set at liberty in the field. I preached to them again on the Tuesday evening,—a crowded chapel; one converted, and one sanctified.

"Sunday, September 1st.—I spoke in Mill-street chapel—the congregations were large; the society is alive; now and then one is brought to God. I want to see the shower, the bright glory. 'Lord, revive thy work.'

"Sunday, Sept. 15th.—Spoke at Elloughton. Many wept, and some shouted aloud for joy of heart. On Tuesday night following I spoke again, and one professed to be saved.

"October 2nd.—Went into the Driffield circuit. Spent a fortnight in different places, and saw much good done.

"Nov. 20th.—In passing through Willerby, I called to see old Jane. She said, 'I want to be sanctified.' This led me to preach to her a *full* and *present* salvation,—she believed and entered into rest.

"Tuesday, Dec. 10th.—We held our quarterly meeting; our increase in the home branch is 30, and in the whole circuit 100. At night we held

our missionary meeting; it was said to be the best they had ever had; the collection amounted to £83.

"January 1st, 1834.—Thank God, I am spared to commence another year! How little have I yet done for the Lord! For the past I blush; for the future I pray, 'Lord, help me!'

"Sunday, January 5th.—I spoke in Hull. One saved.

"Sunday, 12th.—Spoke at Holbeck, Leeds. Had a high day. Saints rejoiced; sinners trembled; and some found mercy.

"Thursday, May 29th, 1834.—After much deliberation, I have performed one of the most important actions of my life, having entered into the marriage state with Mary Curtis, of Barrow-on-Humber. May we assist each other to travel to glory!

"June 22nd.—Spoke in Hull. In the night service, several were converted."

Mr. Smith's next station was Driffield, at that time a branch of Hull circuit. Mr. T. Holliday was his superintendent. In their December quarterly meeting, Mr. Holliday proposed that the preachers and members should unite in believing prayer for the conversion of 100 souls, during the next three months. After mature deliberation on the statutes of the kingdom to which they belonged, the engagement was made; and the fol-

lowing promise, and all others of the same class, were carried to the mercy seat by hundreds of voices: "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Prayer prevailed; and one hundred souls were added to their societies that quarter.

Mr. Smith says—

"August 31st.—I assisted Mr. Clowes in opening Bridlington chapel. Two persons were brought into gospel liberty.

"December 31st.—Mrs. Smith, I, and brother B. conversed seriously about our unprofitableness during the past year; and concluded to live nearer to God in future.

"January 1st, 1835.—I have set my feet on the threshold of another year. A retrospection of the past convicts me of a want of gratitude. Hitherto, my wants have been supplied; and new mercies commence with the new year. Lord, help me to be more thankful, humble, holy, and useful!

"Sunday, January 18th.—I spoke at Frodingham; and I was enabled to pray and preach in faith."

This was one secret of Mr. Smith's success. He found that Christ and the promises were "without variableness, or the shadow of turning." He laid fast hold on whatever he found exceedingly *great* and precious. He urged his rights, and asserted his claims. He allowed delays, but no de-

nials. He insisted on the condition of yea and amen. In these holy, bloodless conflicts he prevailed; for many showers of falling blessings testify that "he had power with God, and prevailed."

In our reckoning of ministerial endowments and adaptations how prone we are to overlook this mightiest endowment and most efficient adaptation of all. Faith in God was Mr. Smith's lever power, and the inspired word his fulcrum on which it rested. He says—

"January 21st.—I walked twenty-one miles to my appointment in Holderness. Had a good time in the service. I was requested to go, on the following morning, to visit a young woman, who was said to be ill, and given up by the doctors. She had a knowledge of the theory of religion, and some enjoyment. After hearing the case, I said, 'I think I can cure her.' This rather surprised my friends around me; but it occurred to me that it was a case of nervous debility, which I fancied had been occasioned by slavish fear; and that her cure was in the possession of perfect love. So, next morning, I went to try my remedy. As I entered the house, she almost fainted, and her speech left her. I spoke to her with much affection; and then I prayed. The praying was mighty, and in faith. The power of God came on her; and her voice returned; and she rose up, and said—'I am as well *as ever* I was in my life!' And she then gave

proof thereof; for, notwithstanding the frost and the snow, she went with me, from house to house, to visit the sick. People looked upon her with amazement; and some said—'Mr. Smith is the best doctor.'"

At a multifold points in his itinerancy, he met the wants of human nature; but in all cases, he had full confidence in the power and the purity of the gospel. He believed them equal to the wants of every degree of undamned humanity; and *now, just now*, was his time for the reception of what was required. He was proverbially a "*just now man*," whether in reference to pardon or purity. Confidence in Christ nerved his mind, and prompted his action.

"January 27th.—I spoke at Bewholm. A good meeting. The mistress of the house where I stayed received the blessing of sanctification at family worship. The power came upon her so mightily that she fell to the floor.

"At Bainton, in visiting the society, I met with a man who expressed some desire to go to heaven. I preached to him a present salvation; and faith as the condition of its reception. The Spirit applied the truth; and he was saved.

"On the road to my appointment, I called to see Mr. S.; and entered into conversation with a dressmaker. The power of the Lord came upon her. Her distress was great—very great;—but only for

a short time; for the Lord turned her mourning into joy. I called again, the next day; and both master and mistress received the blessing of entire sanctification. The mistress fell on the floor, and lay some time. I am more than ever in love with a present salvation, through faith.

"Spoke at Cranswick. One sinner was saved, and others in distress. About thirty have been saved here lately.

"Friday, May 29th.—I met with E—— B——, just returned from America. He gave me some account of my brother Edward. It appears he died last October. He was intending to come to England again; but, instead of that, I have every reason to believe he went from America to heaven. May I meet him there!

"June 15th.—Good news from conference:—a good increase of members, preachers, and chapels; also, a great harvest has again been gathered into the heavenly barn. Glory! glory be to God!

"October 30th.—Spoke at Seaton. While at family prayer, Mrs. F. received the blessing of entire sanctification. She fell to the floor, and shouted the praises of God.

"Dec. 20th.—Spoke at Cranswick. It was one of the best days of my life. The hand of Almighty God was upon me. The people shouted with a great shout."

In such ingatherings it would scarcely be ex-

pected that all would go on to perfection. As is too common, some made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience.

Mr. Smith, writing to his brother Thomas, says:—

"Driffield, December 30th, 1835.

"My Dear Brother Tommy,—

"Another year is nearly gone! and thousands of the human family have gone with it; but I am yet alive; and God is still my portion and hiding-place. He saves me from doubts and fears. He is my "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Of late, I have had some mighty times from Romans vi. 23—'For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life.' &c. We get very slowly on, this winter, in converting sinners. Many have gotten unconverted lately. Many fall in this country through strong drink.

"The small pox is making dreadful ravages in Driffield. My wife has been a little uneasy; but I have hitherto maintained strong confidence in that promise—'No plague shall come near thy dwelling,' &c. Read the ninety-first Psalm; and help me to pray and believe.

"My wife joins me in love to you all. Write next week. Peace. Adieu.

"A. Smith."

Perhaps it will be found in the final audit that Tommy will also have a share in the glory of Atty's success. Though he has not occupied the same place in the battle-field, he has, for many years, been honourably employed as a class-leader and local preacher; and has also followed his brother by his prayers through all the toils and labours of the ministry.

Mr. Smith says—

"January 1st, 1836.—I begin this year in God; His mercy saves me; by faith I stand.

"January 3rd.—At Frodingham I preached to the children; had a grand time; some of them wept, so did the elderly people. One old man was much affected, and stayed at class meeting."

"April 3rd.—Mr. Smith is again at Holbeck, among his old friends, preaching their anniversary sermons; the people flock from all parts to see and hear him. His spirit is rejoiced to find the work prosperous.

"May 22nd.—Spoke at Driffield. Led a love-feast at night. This was one of the grandest meetings I ever saw. About twenty precious souls were saved.

"June 5th.—Spoke at Nafferton. A very powerful time; twelve or fourteen were saved.

"26th.—Held a camp meeting at Middleton. A good day. Farewell, at present, to my Driffield friends. May I meet them all in heaven."

Amen! my departed friend; that is the place of meeting.

"Religion, providence, and after state;
Here is firm footing; *here* is solid rock.
This can support us; all is sea besides,
Sinks under, bestorms, and then devours."

CHAPTER V.

BRIGG; PATRINGTON; BRADFORD. 1836—1838.

REFLECTIONS.—HIS APPOINTMENT TO BRIGG.—EXTRACTS. REMOVED TO PATRINGTON.—EXTRACTS.—STATIONED TO BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.—HIS ENTRANCE ON HIS WORK. EXTRACTS.—INTERESTING INCIDENT.—IS REQUESTED TO REMAIN A SECOND YEAR.

"Faith worketh wonders:
Never was a marvel done upon the earth but it had sprung of faith;
Nothing noble, generous, or great, but faith was the root of the achievment;
Nothing comely, nothing famous, but its praise is faith."

May the reader be in a condition to pardon, if need be, our reflections, for who could forbear making them. We become delighted with the surpassing loveliness of matured piety, and charmed with the influence of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Warriors! where are you? We have seen you, and praised you, but let us look at you in contrast with a plain gospel minister. "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments

rolled in blood." Misery and death, poignant and protracted, attend your boisterous march; the widow's shriek and mother's wail echo at the intelligence of your deeds. The right-minded of all lands regard your trade as a curse—a bitter curse; but light, life, and peace accompany the footsteps of the herald of the cross. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." Faithful expounders of God's Book, whose delight is in enjoying the truth and proclaiming it to others, be of good cheer; ye are the lights of the world.

Mr. Smith's next station was Brigg and Barton Union Branch. He entered on his work in the spirit of entire consecration to God. He says—

"Sunday, September 25th.—Spoke at Wootton at night. One young man cried for mercy. His was no common case; he was deeply tainted with the system of hyper-calvinism; his agony was heightened by his fears that he was reprobated. He prayed fervently that if the Lord would not save him to damn him then. I encouraged him to look to Jesus, and assured him if he would but believe on him as his Saviour he would find himself one of the elect. And so it was; for the Lord graciously turned his captivity, and took away his sorrow.

"Tuesday night.—Spoke at Thornton. It was

a very, *very* mighty time; two persons fell to the floor during the sermon; in fact, the whole congregation was broken down. One obtained liberty.

"Jannary 1st.—This date reminds me of my fleeting years. O how soon this life of mine will be passed! Lord, save me, and my daughter, and my wife to heaven!

"Alkbro', 17th.—Was much depressed in spirit through the opposition that is offered to the doctrine of sanctification. I prayed much; and took for my text Ezekiel xxxvi. 25—27, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you," &c. The Lord helped me to preach the trutn, and answer gainsayers.

"Hibblestow, March 5th.—A powerful season. The word ran like fire. Many were smitten."

In the following March quarterly meeting, Mr. Smith was appointed to spend a few months in the Patrington Branch of the Hull circuit. His Divine Master was with him, and gave him several seals to his ministry. He says—

"April 23rd.—Spoke at Roose. A mighty time. A gentlemen of the medical profession shaken to the heart, as were several others. Some could not sleep on their beds.

"May 10th.—Spoke at Burtswick. Eight brought to God. A fine work is going on.

"Roos.—A grand work at this place. Eight joined society. These things cause me to rejoice.

"May 14th.—A camp meeting at Keyingham. We were well helped with praying labourers; the lovefeast was mighty. An old backslider, formerly a local preacher, was restored. A young woman was converted, and others were in deep distress."

Mr. Smith was next appointed to Bradford, Yorkshire. Twice, previously, he had been appointed to that circuit by his district meeting, but in both instances the appointment had been changed, but in 1837 it was determined he should go to Bradford.

He commenced his ministry among them on the day of their annual camp meeting, and took for his text, "And he said, nay, but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come."—Joshua v. 14. He spoke with freedom and power, and had a good day. He found religion low; but few possessed sanctification, or cared for the conversion of others. He wept in secret over Zion's barrenness, and prayed for help, and not in vain. In October, the tear of sorrow was wiped from his cheek, and he sang of a better day. He says—

"Pudsey, November 1st.—A powerful time; two were liberated from Satan's bondage. Bless the Lord, this did me good. O for power, that I may see many saved.

"Nov. 22nd.—Spoke at Daisy Hill; many were in distress, and some obtained liberty."

This constant wear and tear, and especially these agonizing prayers, often shook his somewhat feeble physical energies. From the 3rd of Dec. to the 31st he was laid aside, having overtaxed his powers in Bradford chapel, where, as he observes, he had one of his great times.

In this season of indisposition he makes the following entry in his journal: "I end this year humbled before God. O what shame and confusion of face cover me, on account of the little I have done for God during the past year! The Lord have mercy on me! and help me to do better for the future! Clothe me with Thy Spirit's might! Breathe through me in fire! and speak in thunder! that hundreds and thousands of sinners may be slain! Amen.

"January 9th.—Spoke three times in Halifax circuit. At night we had a mighty time; a man, seventy years of age, was converted. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?

"21st.—Spoke at Bradford. One saved. Glory be to God!

"29th.—Spoke at Shipley. Chapel crowded. A sinner saved. A revival among the children.

"Spoke again on Monday night. Three saved. Go on, my Lord, and we will praise thee.

"March 15th.—I spoke in a cottage at Wibsey.

Just as I began my address, a witty sort of a man, in a state of intoxication, came into the house. When I said anything that pleased him, he shouted "hear, hear." By and by, I named something that infidels had said against the Bible: he said, 'they are d——d liars.' I exhorted the people to wait on the Lord. He then walked across the floor, and stood before me, thinking, I suppose, to overawe me; but he was overmatched. I preached on, carefully avoiding anything that might irritate him. I did not so much as reprove him; but spoke on the nature and power of faith. I waxed strong in the fight; the people rose in faith. The man's heart failed; his tears flowed; he trembled; and fell on the floor, crying, 'What a sinner I am!' And we shouted as over a giant fallen in battle!"

At the March quarterly meeting, Mr. Smith was invited to remain in the circuit another year. To this invitation he did not give an immediate reply. He said—"Let me have time to take the counsel of the Almighty." Time was granted him; and he consented to stay. How well for Zion's interests, if preachers and people, in these important matters especially, would distrust their own hearts, and follow the voice of the Spirit, and the word of God!

CHAPTER VI.

BRADFORD; PATRINGTON. 1838—1841.

REMARKS.—INTERRUPTION IN MR. SMITH'S JOURNAL.—AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—REMARKS THEREON.—HIS RE-APPOINTMENT TO PATRINGTON.—REFLECTIONS.—LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.—EXTRACT.—REFLECTIONS ON THE ABSENCE OF PROSPERITY.

"Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth;
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks aramanthine joys from bow'rs of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear."

COWPER.

To win the deluded and the lost to Him "whose blood is redemption, and whose death is life," and to stir the stagnant energies of the church, were the untiring designs of Mr. Smith. But from this date, for some cause or other, there is a considerable vacuum in his journalism. Either he ceased to write, or his records have been lost. This circumstance we cannot but deplore, as the extracts we have presented are of so stirring and

edifying a character. This lack, however, is supplied, to some extent, from other valuable sources.

One of the most extraordinary incidents in Mr. Smith's ministerial warfare, is found inserted in our large Magazine for the year 1840. He calls it "An awful visitation intermingled with mercy." He says: "On the evening of February 26th, 1839, while returning from an appointment, where I had been dispensing the word of life, I felt the gracious influence of those truths I had been humbly recommending to others. The serenity of my mind was, however, soon disturbed by a peculiar sensation or impression, for which I was unable to account. This sensation continued to increase, even after I arrived at home; and during the hour of family prayer, when I rose from my knees, my concern still increased; but it did not appear to be from myself; for I felt strong confidence in God. I retired to my chamber, and earnestly prayed for Divine direction. The sensation still increased; but my faith remained unshaken. I remarked to my wife that something very serious must be coming upon us. She replied, 'It is only a temptation; and I hope and trust it will soon pass away.' I said, 'temptation, condemnation, and unbelief are subjects of which I have a tolerable knowledge; but this I know not.' I retired to bed; but the same increasing restlessness continued until I [illegible]

no longer; and rousing myself up, I said, 'The Lord have mercy upon us! What is coming to us?' At one moment I thought I must be dying; but it immediately occurred to my mind that the struggle was mental, and not bodily. And in the midst of these sensations, while I was praying for direction, it was impressed upon my mind, as if I had heard a voice saying, 'Go to Taylor's, who live above the toll-bar.' I said to my wife, 'I am to go to Taylor's.' She was, at first, timid at the thought of my going out at so late an hour, for it was then after eleven o'clock. We knew that a part of the family was ill; but were not aware of any necessity for an immediate visit. We, however, agreed, that while I went down to Taylor's, she should engage in prayer for my preservation and assistance. As soon as I got on the road, I felt I was doing right; and the painful part of the impression left me. When I entered the house, I found Robert Taylor—whom, to my knowledge, I had never seen before—sitting before the fire alone. 'How is your family?' 'My eldest daughter,' said he, 'died a few hours ago; and my wife is dying.' He then took me to the chamber where the sufferer lay. It was indeed the 'house of mourning.' In one corner of the low room lay the silent remains of the daughter, who had so recently expired. In the upper room, in the same bed, were the mother and another daugh-

ter, both suffering in the fever commonly called the typhus; the mother apparently dying, and the daughter delirious, and, of course, insensible to the misery around her. The misery of the scene was greatly heightened by the agony of the mother's mind. She saw herself on the verge of eternity, without a ray of gospel consolation,—a fearful looking for of judgment presenting itself to her view, and rendering her bodily sufferings almost insupportable. A few months only had elapsed since she had embraced, in the simplicity and sincerity of her soul, that faith which pleases God. But her faith was subjected to a severe trial; and, alas! it was shaken in the hour of temptation. Her husband had become acquainted with that new *pest* and *curse* of society, namely *socialism*. Her pecuniary embarrassments, arising from this connexion, had choked the good seed which had been sown; and now, when the consolations of religion would have been most endearing, her heavenly comforter was fled. I looked round me a moment with anxiety. On one side of the bed stood her inconsiderate husband; on the other, her brother, a *socialist*, who would not even bend his stubborn knee whilst we supplicated the throne of grace for help in this time of need. I wrestled with God in earnest prayer till I was in a high state of perspiration. The thought then struck me, 'I shall take the fever now.' I how-

ever, succeeded in overcoming this temptation, and continued in believing prayer. I felt at length faith to rest on the great atonement. A sharp struggle ensued in the heart of the mother. The Lord manifested himself to her, and turned her captivity, filled her heart with love, and her mouth with praise. 'Now,' said she, 'Lord, let me die, and leave this wicked world.' A heavenly calm serenity appeared to settle upon us; and this chamber of affliction seemed to be

'Quite on the verge of heaven.'

"Before I left the room, I said a few words to the *socialist*. He promised not to disturb his sister by any unhappy remarks. I told him the cause of my call at that late hour; and left it with him. Soon after I was gone, he said to his afflicted but happy sister, *'Pray on, lass!'* So much from a modern infidel!

"Sarah Taylor lived a week after this; and died in 'hope of the glory of God.' Four members of this family died in the short space of a month and a day; and were all interred in one grave in the Primitive Methodist chapel yard, Manchester-road, Bradford.

"In addition to the account I have given of Sarah Taylor, I am thankful to God to be able to add, that the two girls left pleasing evidence that they had departed this life in hope of a glorious

resurrection unto eternal life. The eldest, Mary Ann, who was in her fifteenth year, had, a few months before this affliction, become a member of our Connexion. Two weeks previous to her illness, she had not been at her class. She regretted much on this account; but the Lord smiled on her again. She called her father to her just before she died, placed her arms round his neck, and kissing him, said, 'Farewell!' and died in the Lord.

"Sarah Alice, the second daughter, was about thirteen years of age. At the commencement of her affliction, she was often and earnestly engaged in prayer. But she soon became insensible; and her delirium remained till within a short period of her death. Her memory returned; and with perfect calmness she repeated part of a hymn which she had learnt in the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school, and then her happy spirit took its flight to the paradise of God.

"The fourth member of this family whom it pleased God to take from this world of trial, grief, and suffering, was a little boy named Robert, three years and three months old. Of him I have nothing to say, only this, I hope and believe he is with his mother and sisters, a spirit bright and beautiful before the throne of God.

"The authorities of our circuit thought proper to attempt an improvement of this awful visita-

tion. I was accordingly appointed on the 17th of March to preach in the Manchester Road chapel. The place was crowded with attentive hearers. I believe hundreds were all weeping at one time. Surely the Lord was in the place.

"In the prayer meeting after preaching, a very interesting conversion took place. A blind woman, who, under deep conviction, stood up, and in the simplest style, told the old, but interesting tale, that the preacher had addressed himself to her only. Prayer was made for her, and not in vain; her sorrow was turned into joy, and her darkness into light. She stood up again, and placing her hands upon her face, said, 'I cannot see with these eyes, but I can see in my soul. The Lord was angry with me, but now his anger is turned away, and he comforts me.' This woman continues stedfast in the faith.

"ATKINSON SMITH."

There is something remarkable in this, and very various will be the modes of its reception by our readers. We leave every unbeliever to his own way of accounting for such cases, while we believe in the good old way that Mr. Smith was under the influence of the Holy Spirit,—that Spirit which he had received in his regeneration, —which had borne witness with his spirit to the fact of his adoption and heirship. That Spirit had become his guide in the duties and perils of

his journey, and no doubt communed with him at this solemn time. The fact we understand; the *modus operandi* is yet inexplicable.

Mr. Smith was not an enthusiast, and could not be. "Religious enthusiasm is always the fruit of some fallacy of doctrine or peculiar opinion, which, acting upon a heated or fervid imagination, produces in its possessors words and actions as much at variance with the deductions of reason, as with the sublime but rational principles of revelation. Thus the reveries of the Talmudists, ascetic austerities of the Romish saints of former time, and the impious absurdities of the disciples of Johanna Southcote, (and we may add of Joseph Smith,) and other visionaries of modern times. may truly be denominated religious enthusiasm, not only because they led their followers into an extravagance both in words and actions, not more ludicrous than pitiable, but also they were so far from having any foundation in the revealed word of God that they were diametrically opposed to it, and by their absurdity and impiety calculated to bring pure and undefiled religion into contempt with those who are unacquainted with its operation on the heart and conduct."* Regarding this as a correct definition of enthusiasm, Mr. Smith was at the utmost distance therefrom. In his doctrinal views he was clear and sound;

*Imperial Magazine. Vol. 12, p. 999.

they were based on a legitimate interpretation of the sacred volume. Whatever was at variance with this, either in creed or deportment, was regarded by him as hostile to God's cause, and detrimental to the soul.

At the conference of 1839, Mr. Smith was appointed to the superintendency of Patrington Branch. Two years before, he had spent two or three months in that branch; and his labours had been made a blessing to many. He entered on his station full of hope; and the people received him in the same spirit. But society, even when enlightened by the principles of the New Testament, is not always sufficiently balanced and tranquil to allow any man to command success. Sometimes a lesser good, when zealously advocated, will be mistaken for a greater, and allowed for a time, at least, to occupy a wrong place; so that interests good in themselves will be sometimes brought into conflict by their respective advocates.

Soon after Mr. Smith's settlement at Patrington, he finds it necessary to write to his mother; and though he writes on family matters, he still refers to his ministerial prospects. His letter is dated

"Patrington, September 12th, 1839.

"DEAR MOTHER,—

"A prosperous wind has recently blown over me, and left me an increase of family,—a little

girl. We call her after her grandmothers, both her aunts, Mary Magdalene, and the mother of Jesus. She was born on the 6th instant. My wife is recovering slowly, having got up to-day for the first time. My little Joshua has had the measles, but is better. I think my Tabitha is going into the same complaint. Our servant girl has been ill, and is not yet well, but all has been mixed with mercy. We are among kind friends, and we are doing well in our souls. The Lord God of heaven and earth is with us. Glory Amen! I am much better in body and soul than I was at midsummer. We seem tolerable in society matters, and have had some conversions since we came. I have a fine young man for my colleague, and I think we are likely to do well. All join me in love to you, and to all friends.

"Yours, ATKINSON SMITH."

It was in this station Mr. Smith penned the following characteristic thoughts, which he designates "A Note by the Way.—October 16th, 1840. This day I am forty years of age. When I look back on the short history of my life, I seem to be like an arrow passing through the air, and leaving no track behind it. The last ten years have been spent in the ministry, and I seem to have done but little good. It is possible, however, that an impression has been made that I do not know of."

Uninterrupted prosperity had hitherto marked Mr. Smith's footsteps; the numbers added to the societies in his circuits had been considerable, but in this case, after having laboured hard for two years, it was his painful duty to report a decrease of twelve members. He did not labour in vain. He had many souls to his ministry; but the societies had become agitated by the total abstinence question. The connexion has always been friendly to this cause, as the decisions of its yearly conferences will testify. Many of its ministers are pledged abstainers, and some of them stand high as public lecturers; yet because it does not give up preaching the gospel and devote all its energies to teetotalism, interested, aggrieved, and ill-natured men abuse it. So it was with Mr. Smith. Certain parties, no way connected with him, but such as had been expelled the connexion in other parts of the country, had become teetotal advocates, and succeeded in throwing the brand of contention into his societies.

The avowed object of the connexion is the conversion of sinners to God, and the diffusion of the saving truths of christianity. These are our great objects, and must occupy the foreground of our movements. Would it not be a virtual betrayal of our trust to subsidize the ministry to another and minor end?

This storm, however, passed away, and Zion

again became tranquil; and as the winds dry the unhealthy marshes, and give salubrity to the unhealthy atmosphere, so agitations in the church energize her stagnant powers, annihilate incipient abuses, and lead her friends to confide in him who rideth on the heavens for safety. All hail to the mighty truth that saves the soul!

CHAPTER VII.

HULL; YORK. 1841—1844.

HIS SECOND APPOINTMENT TO HULL.—MR. REYNARD'S TESTIMONY OF HIS ACCEPTABILITY AS A MINISTER.—HIS DOMESTIC AFFLICTION, AND RESIGNATION.—AN INTERESTING TESTIMONY OF HIS USEFULNESS.—HIS CONSTANCY IN DOING GOOD.—HE IS APPOINTED TO YORK.—MR. COOPER'S TESTIMONY OF HIS ZEAL AND PIETY.—HIS LETTER TO TOMMY.—HIS PRACTICAL CHARACTER.—HIS INCULCATION OF SANCTIFICATION. MR. BRAMWELL'S STATEMENT.—REMARKS.

"True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope; and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies;
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies."

COWPER.

THE conference of 1841 appointed Mr. Smith to the Home Branch of Hull circuit where he continued two years. This was his second station to Hull in the course of seven years. No mean

proof of the respect in which he was held by the Primitive Methodists of Hull.

Mr. Reynard says: "Mr. Smith had something about him, both in the pulpit and out of it, that would have made him acceptable in any circuit in the connexion. Perhaps his talents were not first rate, but his ready utterance, his vivid spirit, his natural wit, tempered by affliction and grace, combined to make him one of nature's elegant orators. Few could hear him without pleasure or profit." So think we, and thousands beside, who heard his enunciations of divine truth.

In this station he sustained the loss of two children by the scarlet fever. To his mother he writes—

"Oct. 7th,.1841.

"DEAR MOTHER,—

"My little Mary Elizabeth is dead. We are going to bury her to-day. Tabitha and Joshua have been for several days at the point of death. I think Joshua is a little better; but there is not much hope of Tabitha; you may expect to hear of her death soon. It is the scarlet fever. From your afflicted children and their dying ones,

"A. SMITH."

On the 18th of the same month he writes again:—

"DEAR MOTHER,

"Before this will reach you, my Tabitha will

be covered up in the grave-yard. She died on Saturday afternoon. We take her to Halton, to bury, this morning.

"Your sorrowing, yet rejoicing,

"A. SMITH."

This blight of the flowers of his domestic garden was very severe; but so perfectly did he bow to the will of God, and so deeply convinced was he of the happiness to which his loved ones had gone, that when returning from the grave, he shouted aloud the praises of God.

"The life of man is like a winter's day:
Some short-lived pilgrims breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,—
The oldest do but sup, and go to bed.
Large is their debt who spin out all the day,
Who stay the shortest have the least to pay."

Mr. Smith still went on with his work, amid every vicissitude that befel him; "instant in season and out of season;" sowing the seeds of truth "beside all waters," bitter and sweet, in the pulpit, and in the parlour; on the sunny banks of youth, and on the sterile heaths of age; and he did it with the full assurance that God would give the increase.

An interesting lady, hearing that a memoir of Mr. Smith was in course of preparation, wrote me the following, which is corroborative of what we have asserted.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I distinctly remember Mr. Smith's station in Hull. I was young; yet I had imbibed many confused ideas of morality; and sheltering myself behind them, I had almost laid out a plan for my salvation in accordance with my desires. Accustoming myself to a round of duties and outward performances, and following the impulse of a proud and rebellious heart, I vainly and wickedly imagined that I was equal to any of those who professed religion. In this state of mind I was accidentally, or providentially, thrown into the company of Mr. Smith; who at once instituted an enquiry relative to eternal matters, and pressed them seriously and affectionately on my mind. I felt offended; my pride was touched; but in a moment all my false props and hopes were thrown away. I was deeply wounded by the arrows of truth. I struggled greatly against increasing light and conviction, until my mental agony was great. I was unwilling for any one to know my anxiety. Like the stricken deer, I mourned over my wound in secresy and solitude.

"I frequently came in contact with Mr. Smith during his stay in Hull; yet I never was able to disclose to him my wretched state; and the more I was subject to his kind and faithful admonitions, the greater was my misery; for these followed me day and night. For a considerable

period, I had no rest nor peace: all was storm and disquietude in my bosom. However, at length, after a severe struggle with pride and unbelief, I gave up every plea, except, 'Save, Lord, or I perish! I am lost; but thou hast died!' My faith, at last, centred in the living Redeemer; and I experienced joy and peace unspeakable.

"Since then, my path in this wilderness has been zigzag. I have had many chequered scenes to pass; but, through the abundant mercy of a covenant-keeping God, I have been saved from falling, and enabled to retain my hold of the skirt of Him who was a Jew. I believe I shall have to praise the Divine Being to all eternity, for the agency he employed in my salvation. The name of Atkinson Smith will ever be dear to me in this world; and when 'mortality is swallowed up of life,' I trust to meet him again, with all the redeemed, in the peaceful abode of heaven, to sing, without weariness or end, the song of redeeming love.

"I am truly,

"R— A— W—."

Some divines say great and marvellous things; but they say them by rule and measure; they obscure times and places. To talk familiarly on religious subjects, would detract, as they reckon, from the dignity of their ministerial character.

Mr. Smith, however, had no such notion. He

thought it no breach of good behaviour to introduce his Master into any company. His life was a practical embodiment of the poet's sentiment—

> "Strive to be useful, more than excel;
> Who does his work effectual does it well."

The fruits of his labour in Hull circuit cannot be accurately defined; but they were encouraging; and his memory is yet dear to many who are identified with our Zion.

In 1843, Mr. Smith was appointed to the superintendency of York circuit.

Mr. W. Cooper, who was one of his colleagues, on that station, says—"Mr. A. Smith was a man of much prayer and deep piety. I have travelled in the ministry eighteen years; but I have never found his equal as a man of prayer and faith. I invariably found him to be a man of the right stamp, well able to lead the sacramental host into holy conflict, till faith took hold of the Saviour with a firm grasp; and then in confident triumph he would thus address the Divine Being, 'Thou dost it! Thou dost it now.' And while heaven's throne was thus seized as with a violent hand, the beams of Divine glory broke forth, in their enlightening, enlivening, and animating influence. Could the chapels at Easingwold, North Duffield, and some others give testimony, they would tell of the hours he spent within their walls

in humble wrestling, and prevailing prayer.

"My wife," says Mr. Cooper, "often speaks of him as a man of strong faith, and of the comfort he was to her during my severe affliction in the city.

"My doctor and my friends thought that I should not recover. I was so reduced in strength that people were prohibited from seeing me. At this time Mr. Smith was praying with my wife in the kitchen, that the noise might not be too much for me; and while engaged in pleading on my behalf, he received an impression that I should recover, as the Lord had more work for me to do. When he rose from his knees he said, in his homely, familiar manner, 'Cheer up, Mrs., the Lord has more work for Cooper to do; he will not die this time.' And oh! the relief thus brought to her mind; for, having great confidence in Mr. Smith's prayer, she was enabled to believe that I should rally again, which came to pass."

This is a well drawn sketch of our friend. Prayer was his forte; hither he hasted as trouble approached him. His confidence was not in agencies or instruments, however appropriate in themselves, but in the living God; he knocked for help at the right door; it opened to him.

To his brother he writes—

"April 17th, 1844.

"DEAR TOMMY,—I am sitting in a comfortable

room, in a large farm house, belonging to Mr. Quarton, near Stamford Bridge. I was at Pocklington missionary meeting last week, and at Leeds the Sunday before, at Prince's Field chapel. The subscriptions, donations, and collections amounted to about £30. I am only poorly, and have been several days. I am the Lord's, but not so bright in my soul as I think it my privilege to be. We have been blessed with a nice little increase in our circuit this year—96—though we are only reporting to conference 32. I think I shall leave York this year; I have never been at home in it, and I think I shall not. I expect to go to the district meeting at Driffield. I hear you have a good revival at Kirton Lindsey. Tell me soon all news that is interesting. What is the increase in your circuit this year? what preachers are going to leave, and for whom you are going to try? How is mother? give my respects to her. Tell her that I pray for her every day.

"Yours truly,

"ATKINSON SMITH."

Mr. Smith was highly practical and experimental; he judged of measures by their utility or adaptation. He knew what wanted doing, and how to do it; and to this faculty of practicability may be attributed much of his usefulness.

In creed he was a methodist, an old methodist.

He believed in the doctrine of entire sanctification; he taught it, he enjoyed it; it was his *great* salvation! it had softened his naturally irritable and abrupt temper, brought him into a high state of spirituality and near access to God; had separated him to holy purposes, saved him from wrong tempers, and wrong desires, and enabled him to rejoice evermore.

No wonder that he should recommend it to others.

For all the common ailments of christian society, such as divisions, backbitings, bigotry, and formality, he always had a specific; it was, "Get wholly sanctified, get it in connection with other blessings, or get it instantaneously, or get it progressively, but do get it; 'Be ye holy.'" Bramwell said, "entire sanctification is much departed from us in general, as a body—from the pulpit, the magazines, &c. What can be done?" Does religion flourish better, or as well as it did, when this doctrine was oftener and more energetically enjoined? What can be done to raise the standard of holiness, and awake up the church's energies? These are inquiries of the utmost importance to every christian reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

GAINSBOROUGH. 1844—1846.

REFLECTIONS.—APPOINTED TO GAINSBORO.'—FINDS RELIGION LOW.—REFLECTIONS THEREON.—EXTRACTS.—VISITS LOUTH CIRCUIT.—EXTRACTS.—HIS AGONY FOR A REVIVAL.—MR. LONSDALE'S TESTIMONY.—HIS INTEREST IN THE POOR.—REFLECTIONS.—HIS FASTING.—HIS QUERY SENT TO THE MAGAZINE.—REMARKS.—HIS CHEERFULNESS.—LETTER TO TOMMY.—HIS ESTEEM FOR OUR AND THE WESLEYAN MAGAZINE.—REMARKS ON BOOKS AND READING.

"His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the centre motion does increase."

DRYDEN.

IT is invigorating to a virtuous mind to contemplate the onward career of a fellow-saint, with his eye fixed on the end of his course, undaunted by adversity, and uncorrupted by prosperity.

Such contemplations strengthen us in the faith, and determine us in the right direction. Happy

for us, and especially for the young disciple, when examples of unswerving fidelity can be referred to for his imitation.

The conference of 1844 appointed Mr. Smith to the Gainsbro' branch of the Scotter Circuit. He found the societies low in piety; and attendance on the means of grace, especially on the private means, meagre: indeed, a general laxity prevailed.

Such a state of things occasions considerable solicitude to any minister who is truly baptized with the spirit of his office; having himself escaped the thraldom and barrenness of a dwarfish piety, he is aroused by the sight of the leanness of others, and especially on account of the peril to which such a rate of living exposes them. He wishes not only that his eyes were fountains, but that his tongue were flame, and his voice thunder, that he might show Israel their shortcomings.

From Mr. Smith's brief memoranda, and the testimony of his friends, it is pretty certain that he was never more the minister of Christ than at this time. The entries in his journal are exceedingly brief, but full, and bright as gems.

He says,—

"February 1st, 1845.—Spoke at Gainsbro'. I had a very great time, especially in prayer at night. I delivered a funeral address on account

of the death of Mrs. Goulding; we had a crowded chapel, and I trust good was done.

Sunday, the 8th.—Spoke at Gringley, Misterton, and Beckingham. Good, *good! good!* Had also a great time at Springthorpe, and good liberty all the week.

"Sunday following; a good time in the morning, and in the lovefeast it was very grand; perhaps 29 or 30 penitents were crying for mercy together. Glory to God!

"First week in April, 1845.—Attended missionary services at Hogsthorpe and neighbourhood, in Louth circuit. We experienced powerful visitations of the Holy Ghost."

During this visit Mr. Smith's successful pleadings at the throne of grace were blessed, especially to the society at Ingoldmels. Being in conversation with a member of that society sometime afterwards, he referred to Mr. Smith's agonizing prayers on their behalf, and said, "Our society has been rising ever since."

"Oct. 16th.—This has been as bright a birthday, if not the brightest in my life. My soul is in good health. I am kept in the fear of the Lord. I desire to give myself to prayer and to the ministry of the word.

"January 3rd, 1846.—I had a day of much prayer and expectation. I was enabled to pray more the last week in the old year than I had *ever* prayed in any week before.

"Jan. 4th.—At Gainsbro'. I was much afflicted; still, on the whole, I had a good day.

"9th.—Visited many families in Gainsbro'.

"10th.—I experienced a great weight of temptation, but deliverance came at night.

"16th.—Prayer meeting. Great! grand! glorious!

"20th.—At South Clifton; a very great time.

"21st.—At Torksey; a greater still.

"22nd.—One received salvation."

Mr. Smith could not live without ministerial success. 'Give me children or I die,' was the burden of his prayer.

"I called upon him one day," says one of the leaders, "and on entering the house I heard him in his study in a vehement agony of prayer. Mrs. Smith was in tears, she said, 'Oh, brother W., if the Lord does not revive his work soon I shall lose my husband'; indeed his groans often arrested the attention of people as they passed along the street, and impressed them with the importance of the religion of Christ.

The following is from the pen of Mr. William Lonsdale:—

"Dear Brother Kendall,

"I travelled with Mr. Atkinson Smith near four years, and have been intimately acquainted with him more than eighteen years. He did much good by his pious advise and holy example. He

was a man of much fervent prayer. I remember him saying to me one Friday (I think) at Gainsbro', 'Lonsdale, I have prayed two hours before breakfast every morning this week.' And to a considerable extent he added fasting to praying. He seemed in a flame of holy zeal for souls, and the glory of God. Wherever he was, he seemed to feel that he was in the presence of God, and was clothed with a dignified seriousness which is highly befitting a minister of the gospel.

"He was scrupulously exact in his dealings,—upright, truthful, and faithful.

"He reproved sin with a constancy and a faithfulness seldom surpassed. In money matters he was careful and benevolent. I have reasons for believing that very few persons within the circle of my acquaintance, gave so much money to the poor as he did.

"He had more than an ordinary share of my esteem, because he had more than an ordinary amount of real holiness.

"I am yours truly,

"W. LONSDALE."

Mr. Smith remembered the poor—that is, he remembered them for good, by alleviating their burdens and anxieties; for some years it was his custom on New Year's Eve to invite all the poor widows in the society to a social tea, at his own house; this afforded him an opportunity of talk-

ing with them of a brighter world, and of pleading with them, at the throne of grace, for their covenant mercies. On one of these occasions, when his guests had departed to their homes, he said to Mrs. Smith, "this has been one of the happiest days of my life."

And if the gospel is to recover the perishing from the way sides and the edges of society—if the masses are to be saved—if christianity is to demonstrate its power and divinity, we must remember the poor. Perhaps, in these days of multitudinous effort to save the soul, we are in danger of forgetting to feed and clothe the body. Poverty is highly sensitive; neglect is soon called contempt. It is easy for a poor man to fancy himself slighted, because of his poverty, and consequently to entertain hard thoughts of his best friends. On this subject, let the same "mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus."

Mr. Smith also fasted to a considerable extent. In early life he fasted twice a week; afterwards, when nature had become much exhausted through incessant toil, he fasted only once a week. In 1844, he wrote to the editor of the Magazine on the christian duty of fasting; he extracted the following startling sentence from Mr. Wesley's sermon on the Balm of Gilead:—"The man that never fasts is no more in the way to heaven, than the man that never prays." On this statement

Mr. Smith proposed the following query:—"Is fasting essential to our being in the way to heaven? And if so, to what extent should it be observed by healthy persons?" To this query no reply was inserted in the Magazine. It is probable Mr. Smith fully endorsed Mr. Wesley's sentiment; he considered fasting as an act of self denial, and practised it for the better government of his bodily appetites and passions. Perhaps his discipline exercised uniformly was too severe for his fragile system to sustain without detriment. If, however, he erred, it was with the great and the good, and from the purest motive.

Excessive fasting is not one of the sins of the present day. Custom tends fearfully in another direction. Ease and luxury imperil the energies of the church. When, during the last three centuries, did the church fast less? And sterling piety is far from being prevalent. Might we not return profitably to the good old practice of fasting and prayer?

Though Mr. Smith fasted and prayed, do not suppose on that account that his religion was a system of monkish austerity, stamping him with morbid melancholy; he was a cheerful christian; all his duties sat easily upon him—they fitted him like a well-made coat, and he looked well in them.

To his brother Thomas he wrote,—

"May 29th, 1846.

"DEAR TOMMY,

"I should like very much for you to come to our Gainsbro' lovefeast on June the 14th. You have never been to see us since we came to this station. Do come, if you can; come on the Saturday night. We are doing well; we have had one or more converted, and sometimes several every Sunday since this year began. Is this not grand? We had four last Sunday at a camp meeting. I can spare a few volumes of the Arminian Magazine. I have purchased twenty this week, and I have some of them twice over.

"I remain your affectionate brother,

"ATKINSON SMITH."

The Magazine referred to merits an observation, as it illustrates Mr. Smith's literary predilection. He was for several years collecting a complete set of the Magazine published by the Methodist conference. Originally it was called Arminian, then Methodist, and now Wesleyan Methodist. He also collected a complete set of our own Magazine.

These facts show his taste in books. He had no bias for historical research, for the nicities of polite literature, or the subtleties of metaphysics; indeed, it is a question whether he was capable of prosecuting such studies with pleasure.

Those books that described the salvation of Christ

in all its plenitude were sure of a place in his library. He was very partial to the spicy, quaint, puritanical divinity of the last century. He read and studied—I may say, digested—Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, Stoner, and Clarke; after all, the Bible was HIS BOOK; he was eloquent in the scriptures. His books were invariably chosen for their adaptability to achieve the great object which he always kept in the foreground of all his doings. It might be said of them—

"Trees yielding fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations;
Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword;
Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts, treasures,
Helps, governments, diversities of tongues, who can weigh your worth?"

Mr. Smith read within a circle—a limited one. He knew he could not read every thing, not even every pretty thing, nor every thing that editors and reviewers could recommend. Neither his time nor his inclination allowed it. He read to be made better—he read for eternity, not for amusement. He lived in the world as it is, the rough, real world of nature; he neither dreamt nor slept in the airy regions of imagination.

The opium eater, under the influence of his

poisonous drug, experiences a kind of mental intoxication—an ideal romance; and we fear that many of the popular and readable books, as they are called, of the present day, are little better than a mental opiate. Let us read the Word of God, and such other books as will help us to understand it more correctly, and preach it with power and assurance. "My word," not men's words, but *my word*, "that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." Bible truth is *saving* truth, being accompanied with the energy of the Spirit.

Mr. Smith, however, was not a model, *not* even for his own connexion. He succeeded well with men of his own order. But hearers differ—differ from each other; differ intellectually and educationally; their tastes and manners, and prejudices are dissimilar. Men are obviously in classes, and each class requires its own teacher. Paul, Apollos, and Cephas are all favourites with men of their own order. The pulpit, however, we would distinctly remember, is not the place for display. People do not attend chapels to hear lectures on the sciences, but to worship God, and hear words whereby they may be saved. Let us not think in making our pulpit preparations, that

Mr. so and so will hear us, and overlook the poor and illiterate, or forget that God will hear us.

If Mr. Smith, who was but a Cephas among his brethren, succeeded in saving so many souls, what ought Paul and Apollos to do? For after all, he is the best doctor that performs the best and most cures.

CHAPTER IX.

DRIFFIELD. 1846—1849.

RE-APPOINTED TO DRIFFIELD.—REFLECTIONS ON THE CHANGES WHICH HAD OCCURRED SINCE HIS FIRST APPOINTMENT.—NOTE TO TOMMY.—REMARKS ON HIS HEALTH.—REFLECTIONS.—LETTER.—HIS AFFLICTION—LETTER, WITH REMARKS THEREON.—HIS HOPE OF HEALTH RELINQUISHED.—LETTER.—RESIGNS THE MINISTRY.—LETTER.—REFLECTIONS.—HIS REQUEST FOR SUPERANNUATION.—REMARKS.

"The spring time hopes of man are seared
In autumn's chilly boldness;
The summer gems so softly reared,
Are nipped in winter's coldness.
Yet there's a land where naught can change,
Where storm nor cloud e'er lowers:
In endless days where spirits range
Through meads and roseate bowers."

THE conference of 1846 re-appointed Mr. Smith to Driffield circuit. Twelve years of toil and care had passed since his last appointment to that sta-

tion. On entering this old field of labour, he was struck with the thought of the limited and evanescent character of human life. He sought in vain for several that had formerly joined him in his humble knockings at mercy's door. Their former homes now knew them not; they were gone into the spirit land.

Having become settled in his work, he enquired for his own children in Christ, to see if they still walked in the truth. Many of them happy in the moral relationship, still called him father; but some had forsaken the clean and straight road of holiness, and were running with a multitude in the broad, filthy way of sin. To these he might very fittingly say "Ye did run well, what hath hindered you?"

But while he saw changes in others, others saw changes in him. In their former acquaintance, he was in the zenith of his strength, weilding the weapons of ministerial warfare, emulating the self-sacrificing and gigantic labours of a Walsh, a Whitfield, a Bourne, a Clowes, and many others, whose deeds still praise them in the gate.

His friends were surprised to see how suddenly he had become old; his sword had evidently been too sharp for its sheath; his was the spirit of martyrdom, the claims of health and life with him were secondary matters.

But though stamped with the marks of severe

and continuous plodding in the Saviour's vineyard, he was still equal to his work, and like an old stager, when he became warm in his harness and girthed up, as he was accustomod to express it, with divine influence, he forgot his infirmities, and repeated the feats of better days.

To his brother, he says,—

"September, 1846.

"DEAR TOMMY,

"I am happy to say we are tolerably well; we are trying to live to God and get sinners converted; and I think we are succeeding a little in both. How are you getting on for both worlds?"

Still it appears he was only *tolerably well;* his health was not good; the *elasticity* of his system was gone, so that great exertion, exposure to cold, change of beds and diet, and other contingencies in the itinerancy produced more serious effects than formerly, but he is still doing good to the utmost of his power, the *most* good of the *best* kind.

The body is more important than its adornings, the soul is more important than the body; and the work of saving ourselves and those that hear us is of greater importance that the most dignified earthly pursuits.

Church of Christ! believest thou this? I know thou believest. It is a truth which we all receive THEORETICALLY, but let us receive it PRAC-

TICALLY, and we shall produce a moral revolution greater than the world has ever yet gazed on. O for a holy, earnest ministry!

Mr. Smith says,—

"Etton, April 22nd, 1847.

"DEAR TOMMY,

"I hope you are well and happy. We are all middling at present. Praise God. How are you getting on at Scotter? I hope you will have some good missionary meetings, and get awakened up a little. I am trying to live to God. Holiness of heart seems to me more than ever lovely and desirable, but I think I am hardly up to the mark. Lord, make me holy, is my desire and prayer. We shall be glad to see some of you at Driffield this summer. We looked for uncle Tommy at our missionary meeting, but were disapppointed. God bless you all.

"A. SMITH."

In August of this year he writes home again, and says, "I am well and happy, and going to heaven." These epistolary droppings evince a mind graciously illumined, and intensely interested in the great business of life.

Mr. Smith's affliction soon returned upon him, for, January 29th, 1849, he says,—

"DEAR TOMMY,

"I am yet off my work, and I am likely to remain so awhile. My wife and children are

middling. Mr. Phillips, one of my colleagues, has been very ill, but is a little better. The work of the Lord is moving nicely. We have had several converted lately, both in town and country. It is said we had about twenty converted at Cranswick last week, and a few at several other places. Glory be to God!

"I am gaining a little ground in soul matters. Praise the Lord! Tell me how you are getting on at Scotter. I have prayed hard for you lately. I have prayed that He would hinder them that hinder Him, and help them that help Him. Just buckle on your armour, Tommy, and pray that the Lord would confound the Philistines, and that he would not allow wicked men and the devil to have all their own way. He will hear. We send our respects to mother, brothers, and all friends. Pray hard for me, Tommy. I think I shall rally yet.

"Your afflicted brother,

"ATKINSON SMITH.

This letter refers to a factious movement by a party that had always passed for trustees of the Scotter chapel, and were found in the end to be proprietors, having caused to be inserted in the deed of conveyance certain clauses empowering them to dispose of it as they might think proper. The society had contributed towards its erection, *and twice* afterwards to its enlargement under

deceptive representations. The proprietors refusing to sell it or lease it to the connexion, it was abandoned, and through the gracious interference of Divine Providence, and the sympathies of the public, a new chapel, in easy circumstances, was soon erected. Many wondered to see a chapel and two preachers' houses springing up in the very best part of the village, but Mr. Smith and a host of his old friends were praying, and the long tried, earnest, and loyal friends of Primitive Methodism in Scotter and its neighbourhood were giving, and what difficulty, associated with the maintenance and diffusion of God's cause, can stand before praying and giving.

Mr. Smith's hopes of returning health proved illusive. Doubtless his disorder was tantalizing, as he had intervals of comparative health and ease, but his system was too much dilapidated to be permanently repaired.

To his brother Thomas he says—

"DEAR TOMMY,

"I received your letter while at Swinefleet, and I am glad above all to hear that the precious blood of Jesus saves you. This is grand above all things. You will not find anything to equal it either at home or abroad. It saves in all climes, and in all circumstances. I am sorry to say that I do not feel so much of it as I think I ought to feel. I am sometimes so nervous that I feel as

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though I had little or no saving grace; at other times I feel power and liberty in approaching the Lord. Pray hard for me, Tommy. I felt wonderfully well last Tuesday night. I am going to resign the itinerancy because I cannot do any hard work, and I think I am not required to kill myself out when I know I cannot do my work. Give my love to mother; I hope she is ripening for the kingdom. We all join in respects to you all. Yours truly,

"ATKINSON SMITH."

Mr. Smith evidently struggled hard with the ministry; it had yielded him the purest happiness of his life, and had become a kind of second nature, a part of himself. He felt it could not be relinquished without producing a shock in his modes of thought and habits of life. Its toils, anxieties, and responsibilities had prostrated him, but he earnestly longed to rally again for a fresh encounter.

What a period is this in the life of a minister. The past is reviewed. Memory paints the outline. Crowds of associations awake as by a resurrection. Acts and motives are rigidly scrutinized. In such an assembly the accuser of the brethren will sometimes appear, and will enumerate our errors, failings, and omissions, suggesting at the same time sombre and discouraging views of the *future*. On this momentous subject, Mr. Thos.

Batty, in his note on Mr. Smith, furnishes some touching and pertinent remarks, such as a deep personal experience alone could dictate, "There is more difficulty," he says, "in retreating than there is in advancing; the conflict wears another aspect. Withdrawal from the battle field is often followed by floods of temptatation. The enemy will suggest you have fought poorly, and have often acted the part of a coward, or your course has been irregular; your movements have been by fits and starts. O what thousands of temptations can Satan throw in our way!

"But Zion's bleeding conquering King,
Can all our foes destroy."

At the Sunderland conference in 1849, Mr. Smith was induced, from confirmed ill health, to ask for superannuation. In furnishing the historical account of his ministerial labours, required by the rules of the connexion, he felt very acutely his own unworthiness. In addressing the conference he said,

"DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN IN THE KINGDOM AND PATIENCE OF JESUS CHRIST.

"I deem it my duty to inform you that my tale is nearly told, and my ministerial work is nearly done. My health has departed from me, and my constitution is breaking up. I am now prostrate,

and have been for twelve months. I find it difficult to describe the result of my ministry as I have not laboured alone. My retrospections almost frighten me; I am unworthy. I have been unfaithful and unprofitable, so that I am bowed down. I cannot say anything that would make me look well in your eyes, while I appear so unworthy in my own. I could give you an account of the numbers admitted into society on each of my stations, but that would only show my labours in connection with those of my colleagues; so I must say only what the brethren on the stations have said for me. I believe every report from my March quarterly meetings has been favourable, especially those parts affecting my ministerial success. On my different stations, one thousand two hundred and four precious souls have not only professed to be converted, but have been added to the church, under the ministry of my brethren and myself. The rest I leave with you, "I am yours truly,

"ATKINSON SMITH."

So that Mr. Smith did not spend his strength for naught; he did not go a warfare at his own charge. The results of his toil were of a very cheering and animating character. We see what an amazing amount of good might be done by an earnest, holy ministry.

CHAPTER X.

GOXHILL. 1849—1852.

REFLECTIONS.—THE PLACE OF HIS LOCATION.—HIS LABOURS.—NOTE TO HIS MOTHER.—A LETTER TO TOMMY.—REMARKS.—DEATH OF HIS SISTER.—LETTER.—HIS STRENGTH DECLINES.—SEIZED WITH PARALYSIS.—HAPPY STATE OF MIND.—HIS DEATH.—PLACE OF BURIAL.—REMARKS.—AN ANECDOTE.—POETRY.—A SUMMARY OF HIS CHARACTER.—EXHORTATIONS TO HOLINESS.—APOSTROPHE TO MR. SMITH IN HIS LAST MOMENTS.

"I live, move, am conscious: what shall bar my being?
Where is the rude hand to rend this tissue of existence?
Not thine, shadowy death, what art thou but a phantom?
Not thine, foul corruption, what art thou but a fear?
For death is merely absent life, as darkness absent light:
Not even a suspension: for the life hath sailed away,
Steering gladly somewhere."

We have followed Mr. Smith through a comparatively short career of ministerial labour and success; we have now to view him in a more retired sphere of life, rapidly verging to his exit out of this world. At the age of fifty he was a

pale, wrinkled, bald-headed, feeble, old man. The scars of many and severe fightings were deeply imprinted on his flesh.

The conference appointed his superannuation, as it was quite evident he could travel no longer.

He selected Goxhill, a village in the Barton circuit as the place of his future residence. It is not only fertile, pleasant, and salubrious, but famous for Primitive Methodism, and is in the neighbourhood of many of Mrs. Smith's friends.

Here in view of the Humber, and close by the rails, he erected a pretty little cottage.

Though compelled to leave the front ranks of the ministry, he still laboured as much as his health would allow. He succeeded in raising a new class; he also preached occasionally, and was of great value as an adviser to his younger and less experienced brethren,

His days of plodding were gone; any extra physical or mental effort was usually succeeded by great feebleness.

To his mother he writes,—

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I have been very, VERY poorly. Plenty to do to keep alive. I think I am something better, though not well."

To his brother Thomas he sends the following characteristic lines:—

"April 1st, 1850.

"DEAR TOMMY,

"Is it true that you have a revival of religion at Scotter. I have heard so, and am glad. We have had a good one at East Halton. We are all middling, and trying 'to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.' My love to mother, and all the rest. God bless you."

Properly speaking, Mr. Smith was a revivalist; his message and manner were of that character. This was the undying object of his solicitude; he seldom wrote or spoke about anything else in connection with the ministry but a revival.

About this time, his only surviving sister, Mrs. Watson, died suddenly, She was a very amiable woman, and a zealous christian. Mr. Smith was so ill at the time as to be unable to attend her funeral. To his brother, he says,—

"Goxhill, June 21,1850,

"MY DEAR TOMMY,

"I hope you are all well. I have been poorly since I last saw you, but I have rallied again, thank God. The death of our dear sister Watson was sudden, and to us very unexpected. Oh, how uncertain are all earthly things! May our heavenly Father brighten us, and make us all ready for the heavenly country. When will you come to see us? How does brother Watson bear up under his loss?

"Yours truly, A. SMITH."

Mr. Smith began to sink rapidly. Having to preach at Goxhill, I called to see him. He manifested great solicitude for the prosperity of the church; he discoursed also with freedom and perfect ingenuousness on the means to promote a revival of religion; he said to me, "Impress the people well on the Sunday evening, and they will try and attend on the week nights."

At the latter end of September he took a severe cold, and having been long in a delicate state of health, he soon became prostrated. About the middle of October, Messrs. Campbell, Harland, and I called to see him. We perceived he was sinking fast. Mr. Campbell referred to his poor state of health; he assented, but observed, "The Lord has made me wonderfully happy these last few days."

Soon after this he became the subject of paralysis; this interrupted his utterance, and beclouded his reason. He could not converse; though to a plain, brief question he usually gave a rational reply; and to every enquiry about his soul and its prospects, he answered with propriety. When prayer was proposed, he always assented, and did his best to kneel and respond.

A few days before he died, I called and prayed with him; when I had risen from my knees, he said, "Glory—be—to—God. Glory—be—to—God." That was a favourite ascription of praise

with him; he had said it thousands of times. He used to say, "I can shout glory when I feel glory" He felt glory at last, but could not shout it.

> "Happy if with my latest breath,
> I may but *gasp* his name."

Soon after this Mr. Smith fell asleep in Jesus, in the 52nd year of his age.

> "How blest the righteous when he dies,
> When sinks a weary soul to rest;
> How mildly beam the closing eyes,
> How gently heaves the expiring breast.
> So fades the summer cloud away;
> So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
> So gently shuts the eye of day;
> So dies the wave along the shore."

The love of home, taught by nature, and cherished by christianity, induced him to desire that he might be buried in the grave-yard of his native village. On the day of interment he was carried into our chapel at Scotter, and his old friend, Mr. Sanderson, delivered an address suited to the occasion. He was then carried to the parish church and buried in the resting place of his fathers. A widow and three children are left to lament their loss of a husband and a father. May the blessing of the widow's God be upon them.

Had Mr. Smith's reasoning faculties remained unimpaired he would doubtless have said many things at last that would have contributed to the comfort of his family, and the edification of the church; it is, however, more important to know how a person lives than how he dies. Holy living secures happy dying, besides, he had said ENOUGH in life.

In the last visit but one which Whitfield paid to America he spent a day or two at Princeton, under the roof of Dr. Finley, then president of the college at that place. At dinner the Dr. said—"Mr. W., I hope it will be very long before you will be called home; but when that event shall arrive, I shall be very glad to hear the noble testimony you will bear for God." "You would be disappointed, Doctor," said W., "I shall die silently. It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for him during my life, that he will require none from me when I die." The manner of W.'s death verified the prediction.

Mr. Smith left us without being able to cry "land a-head," or to show his triumph over the last enemy, but living in Christ he died in him.

Had he retained his reasoning and articulate powers he might have sung the following lines, for how applicable in his case:—

"My loved habitation and garden, adieu,
No longer my footsteps ye greet;

A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu, for the present, my spirit ascends
Where friendship immortal is known.

My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
And sorrow, are now at an end;
The summits of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The heights of perfection ascend.

But Oh! what a life, what a rest, what a joy,
Shall I know when I've mounted above;
Praise, praise shall my triumphant powers employ,
My God, I shall burn with thy love."

The tendency of these pages is to show Mr. Smith's uprightness of mind and unreserved devotion to the interests of religion; nor is the colouring too high, as those who knew him best will allow. We do not consider that Mr. Smith was a faultless being; faults he had, for he was a man, but he had as few as most who have passed through this rough world.

Mr. Smith sought not for honour among men; he was a plain man, and aspired not to things beyond his province. He knew his forte, and to it he clung, cultivating his peculiar gift.

1. *He was intensely devotional.*—From the time that he first tasted the fragrant nectar of

divine love, he remained among the flowers of paradise; he sought happiness in holiness. He prayed *often* and *much*. We have not met with more than one or two persons in our time, as we think, that could go with such directness and confidence to the throne as he. He appeared to knock, and then enter without further hesitation. He believed fully in the openness of the way, and the good-will of him who says, "command ye me." It was deeply affecting, at times, to hear him with holy boldness urging his request; indeed, many of his prayers were agonies, and under their power scores of strong men have trembled, and some have fallen to the ground. "Was that Atkinson Smith," said Mr. Shaw to Mr. Sanderson, who had made some allusions to his death, "that you referred to? I have often trembled at the sight of that man." Mr. G. Wakefield says, "The influence which accompanied his prayers, while only young, was extraordinary. Doubtless he and his brother Edward were two of the mightiest men in prayer ever raised up in these parts."

"Dr. Johnson said of Burke, that you could not meet him under a shed whilst seeking shelter from rain, without discovering that he was a man of uncommon genius." And it would have been next to impossible to have met Mr. Smith in any *casual* intercourse without noticing that he was a

man whose great business was with another world —aspiring after its honours and joys. "What I have to say about character," observes Mr. Reynard, "I can say in a few words. My view of Mr. Smith is that he was a deeply devoted man of God, possessed of a kind and affectionate spirit." Few men prayed more than he; he seemed to pray without ceasing, and was answered with copious effusions of the spirit.

2. *He was a man of strong faith.*—His unwavering confidence for immediate help from God astonished thousands. The fastidious would consider him too familiar and confident with his maker, but he clearly understood his relationship to heaven. He was a child—an adopted, beloved child. This emboldened him to expect answers to his request. His faith was experimental, having tried it touching his own spiritual state and continuous well-being. He had believed in the christian atonement for pardon and purity, and experienced assistance according to his faith. This had been his victory in many trying circumstances and powerful conflicts; he was no tyro in this kind of warfare.

In this exercise he always took the shortest route, and used his resources to the best purpose. It was in prayer especially that his faith was the most prominently exhibited. Its power was such that, under its influence, christians were often

baptized with the spirit of their master, and sinners were cut to the heart; the weak became strong, the diffident bold, and the sacramental host went up with valour to possess the good land. The last day can only show what has been the amount of benefit secured to the church through the vigorous exercise of this principle.

3. *His ardour amounted to a strong passion for souls.*—This was apparent to all who came within the circle of his influence. His prayers, counsels, exhortations, and pulpit discourses all centred here as in a focus. Souls for Christ constituted the Alpha and Omega of his words and deeds. These were his chaplets of fame, his wreathes of honour, his crown of rejoicing. His motives were palpable, his heart beat in a transparent anatomy; none could be mistaken as to the fires which fed his zeal or created his compassion. His exhibitions of truth were not so much in laboured and consecutive arguments as in aphorisms; in his hand the truth was instinct with life, for it glowed and burnt, and scores of happy members and useful preachers are the seals to his apostleship.

"I trust," says Mr. T. Batty, "you will succeed in getting up a good memoir of Mr. Smith, as he was a man for souls." To save men from sin is the avowed and ostensive design of the gospel, consequently should be the paramount object

of gospel ministers. John Smith said "soul saving is my business." Incomparably noble employment. Were it practicable, it would be an interesting research to ascertain what number of souls Mr. A. Smith was instrumental in conducting directly or indirectly to Christ.

> "He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

There were other traits in his character which might be particularized. We might name his unswerving integrity. This was very conspicuous; he tried, as he observed in one of his letters, "to do justly." He possessed great tenderness of conscience which was quick to discern the right and the wrong of all matters with which he had to do. It was his practice to find, if possible, God's will even in what some would consider little things, as well as in matters of magnitude; when he had ascertained that, he bowed thereto, not hesitating to show his dissent from any opinion or act that he deemed contrary to the mind of Christ. In all matters he appeared to ask "Is it right?" This gave a distinctive and independent colouring to his general character.

He conscientiously revered God's day, abstaining as much as possible from what was secular. He had scruples about riding in a railway train on that day, and so deeply was his mind interested

in this matter that in the year 1847 he asked the editor of the Magazine, "Is it consistent with the character of a christian minister, under ordinary circumstances, to travel by a railway train on the Lord's-day." A concise and clear reply to this enquiry would have obliged many readers of our Magazine, and perhaps few more than Atkinson Smith. We are not aware that any reply was inserted, though its importance certainly merits one.

Of Mr. Atkinson Smith's character we need say no more. He was a devoted man of God; there was a pleasing uniformity about him—the whole man was of a piece. He did not cultivate and develop one grace to the neglect of others, presenting a character inconsistently disproportionate and anomolous. But while there was nothing irregular and disproportionate, some traits stood forth in bold relief, attracting every observant eye, and showing a man in earnest for the skies.

Many, perhaps all, our readers, have experienced an emotion of approval of the maturity of christian character portrayed in these pages; they will have perceived that eminent piety is a possession which throws all others into obscurity and stamps them with absolute nothingness. There may, however, be in some of these minds a sentiment of despondency of emulating the *example* here presented, from a supposition that

such endowments are peculiar to the ministry. This is a mistake. All men are on one common platfrom touching privileges. There are no class distinctions. Great mental endowments cannot be acquired by every one, but genuine, and even eminent, religion is the birthright of all. Provision is made for this. The sacrifice of Christ atones for sin; it avails to cleanse from all unrighteousness. The Spirit admonishes, enlightens, and transforms those who are lead by his counsels. Indeed, every operation in the economy of redemption is manifestly intended to accomplish the purity of the soul. This is assigned by the Apostle as the reason why the Saviour gave himself for us. Of all who are called by grace, it may be said, "It is the will of God, even your sanctification."

The reader may not only be as holy as Mr. A. Smith was, but may even exceed him. Who among God's people ever attained the maximum of perfection? Who would put restrictions on divine grace? Or who can comprehend the infinite? However far we may have advanced, the path is still boundless.

And what is our calling? Is it not to leave the first principles of the doctrine of Christ behind and go on to perfection? All mutations, afflictions, deaths, and revolutions appear to say "this is not your rest;" it is in futurity—with God. Here we

hear of it, and educate our spirits to possess it. Finally, let us seek to be stronger in faith, more frequent and fervent in prayer, and more active in doing good. This is our calling, our safety, and our glory.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE REV. A. SMITH, IN HIS DEPARTING MOMENTS.

BY H. KENDALL.

My brother, fare thee well,
'Tis vain to court thy stay;
The joys no human tongue can tell,
Are calling thee away.
Long hast thou panting been,
The highest peace to know;
An ocean of deep bliss to win,
And flesh and sense forego.

Thy wish fulfilled at last,
Taken the veil away,
Thy eyes shall now, no more o'ercast,
Thy Saviour's face survey.
Go shalt thou where have gone
Thy earnest prayers before,
When agonizing, groan on groan
Thy soul was wont to pour.

Triumphant in thy faith
Thou didst besiege God's throne,
And dare, whate'er the Scripture saith,
To claim as all thine own.

Impatient to obtain
Thy large and bold request,
Thou would'st, till answer'd, still remain,
Nor let thy Jesus rest.

Equipped for sternest fight,
Thy soul went forth to war,
And battled with the hosts of night,
Prosper'd by Bethlehem's star.
The scars were in thy flesh—
The marks thy body bore;
The spirit still was strong and fresh,
The clay could fight no more.

Soldier of Christ, enough!
Here stay thy hand and rest!
Upon the tented field, and rough,
Lay thy expiring breast.
Enough, for thou hast won
The final victory!
Thy zeal is proved, thy work is done,
And Satan feareth thee.

So, look a moment round,
And view thy foes retreat,
Then doff thy armour on the ground,
Down at thy Saviour's feet.
And boast not now in vain,
Since thou hast gained thy crown,
And with thy Lord ascend to reign,
And with him now sit down.

J. PARROTT, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, LEEDS.

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